THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

HE NEVER COMES TOO LATE!

Not so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God, and wait;
Although he seems to linger long,
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself; it is in vain;
Until he cometh, rest.

Until he cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God, 'tis they
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait his lead.

—Bradford Torrey.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER .....**Editor**

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE RESIGNATION OF A DEVOUT AND SCHOLARLY MAN REQUESTED.

By a vote of 110 to 81 the Synod of California last week requested the resignation of Professor Thomas F. Day from the Chair of Old Testament Literature in San Francisco Theological Seminary, and asked the directors to depose him by the first of January if his resignation is not forthcoming.

Previous to this action there was an attempt to compromise by the adoption of a recommendation of the board of directors that Dr. Day confine his teaching of mooted critical questions to the last year of the course of study. This recommendation was voted down by a vote of 141 to 97.

What the outcome of this synodical action will be we do not know at this writing. It is rumored that the directors say that they will not depose him in the event that he does not resign, and that intimate friends declare that he will not resign. He is urged to stand to the last, for the reason that vital principles are at stake, and it is hoped that the Presbyterians of the Pacific Coast may yet be saved from stamping themselves as more conservative as a rule than elsewhere, though surrounded by conditions that in other spheres, such as literature, education and polititics, make for large freedom.

However, the probabilities are that Professor Day will be forced out soon. It is reported that five of the six directors of the Seminary, elected by the synod this year, are conservatives. If this does not give the opponents a majority on the board it is reasonable to believe that, from the trend of events, they will gain the majority by another year.

A year ago we gave in The Pacific in considerable detail the action of the synod in 1910. At that time 168 members condemned Dr. Day for teaching the composite authorship of the Pentateuch, notwithstanding the fact that there are very few Bible scholars to be found anywhere in the world today who do not so hold. And 107 out of 215 condemned him for teaching that the Book of Jonah is allegorical.

It is not surprising that there are, in the face of this antiquarianism, those who want to fight to the last ditch and, if possible, save Pacific Coast Presbyterianism from ignominy.

Of course we do not herein give Professor Day's views in full. There are other views to which objection is made. But these citations are samples. And they show the intellectual plane from which comes considerable of the strength working for his removal.

Writing last year concerning the Bible, Dr. Day said: "The Bible serves its purpose unerringly. It reveals the character and will of God, and it is the instrument of grace in recovering sinful men to God. This has been its history in past ages, and this shall be its glory through all coming time. The Bible has not failed, it does not fail, and it never can fail in the accomplishment of this one sovereign and gracious purpose. In this respect the Bible stands forever impregnable."

Writing on the subject of inerrancy, he said: "Infallibility is essentially the characteristic, not of a book, but of a person—a spiritual person, a divine-human person. The doctrine of infallibility comes to rest in Jesus. What though the Bible be defective in some of its historical statements, imperfect in its explanation of natural prenomena. It shows us unerringly him who is the life and truth and grace of God incarnate, and we come to him that we may have life, that we may know the truth, that we may be saved by grace."

Jesus' own attitude adds Dr. Day, confirms this view. "For he repealed outright certain long-standing doctrines, some of them having Old Testament sanction. 'It was said to them of old time—but I say unto you.' If we believe in the infallibility of Jesus we cannot believe even in the moral infallibility of every particular passage of scripture."

The Pacific Coast needs this devout, scholarly man, and it is to be hoped that the tide that seems to be sweeping him out will turn and that he will be allowed to abide a long time yet in his place of service in the theological seminary at San Anselmo.

ATTRIBUTED TO GOD THEIR OWN DEFECTIVE MORAL VIEWS!

Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary spoke to the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday in a way that was thoroughly illuminating as to the unwisdom of regarding as "A thus saith the Lord" all of the declarations in the Old Testament. It was made quite plain that often the writers thereof put into the mouth of God their own defective moral views. We did not get down in any connected way the thoughts of Professor Bade as set forth in the address, but the following paragraph from a book by President Thomas of Middlebury College, which lies before us as we write will give a good idea:

"It is impossible to longer regard the 39 books from Genesis to Malachi as a harmonious revelation of religious truth and a uniform law of moral conduct. In no literature which the world possesses is evidence of development and advance more clear and convincing than in the literature of the Hebrews. The Old Testament is a report of progress, a faithful register of the upward strivings of an earnest folk from a very crude faith and a very rude ethic to views concerning God and moral obligation which the world still reckons among its chiefest treasures. Both the crude beginnings, the fierce struggle upwards and the exalted attainments are frankly and honestly recorded."

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Fifty-Fifth Annual Meeting.

The fifty-fifth annual meeting of the Northern California Congregational Conference was held in Berkeley October 17-19. The sessions were in the First Church except that on Wednesday afternoon, which was in the North Church.

The Rev. Burton M. Palmer of Oakland was chosen moderator; the Rev. L. L. Wirt, assistant; the Rev. B. L. Brittin, scribe, and the Rev. C. L. Mears, assistant scribe.

The first address was by Secretary Miles B. Fisher of the Sunday School and Publishing Society, on "The Principle of Mental Development in Its Bearing upon Religious Education."

Mr. Fisher's paper called attention to the well-ascertained development of the child mind. If we try to teach a child what he cannot appreciate because of undevelopment, we do double hurt: we waste the opportunity for something suitable, and we burn the ground over so that later the pupil will not have a reasonable interest in the subject. But if there is a normal development which we violate at peril, so there is this normal develipment which we may follow with sure results. It is a word of cheer to all teachers bent upon doing a skillful work. A premium is put upon doing the teaching right, the method and the right matter. Not even earnestness can compensate for unwisdom. Fortunately most helpful literature is at hand in abundance, simple and cheap, so that no teacher who wants to learn his art need lack guidance.

At the Tuesday evening session the address was by Prof. C. E. Rugh of the University of California, on "The Church and the Child." It was replete with valuable matter, the principal party of which will be published in The Pacific week after next.

Each of the morning sessions began with a "Bible Study" by Prof. W. F. Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary. Taking the book of Amos for consideration he showed how imperfectly the people of that generation apprehended God, and how the prophet faced the situation and called for that righteousness which alone could give life. "Hate the evil, and love the good; and establish justice in the gate: it may be that Jehovah, the God of hosts, will be gracious unto the remnant of Joseph."

Naturally in the course of his remarks Professor Bade said some things which startled a few of his hearers, and the next morning he said substantially, in way of preface: I hear that I startled some of you yesterday. If I did it is evident that you needed to be startled and stirred out of beliefs and positions which make you a drag to all proper teaching of the Bible. In deep earnestness Professor Bade declared that he knew he was right in his Old Testament interpretation, that he based his utterances on the teachings of Jesus, and that to adhere to old-time interpretations is to introduce moral confusion into the minds of the people and render the Bible useless to our day and generation. Whenever the Old Testament sets forth things, actions, thoughts, contrary to the teachings of Jesus, you are bound, said the Professor, to set them aside, no matter where they are found,—as due to the imperfect conception, which prevailed in that age, of God and the righteousness demanded by him.

In his second study Professor Bade considered Isaiah and showed how he gave new content to the conception of holiness and how Israel grew gradually into higher and better ways of life.

So far as addresses are considered Thursday was the best day of the conference. It was on that day that were heard: "The Social Aims of Jesus," by the Rev. Dr. W. T. Patchell; "The Social Gospel in Its Relation to the Individual Gospel," by Professor Buckham of Pacific Seminary; "Is the Basis on Which the Church Receives Men That on Which Christ Received Them?" by the Rev. B. Gould of Fresno; and "The Message of Jesus to Our Time," by Mayor Wilson of Berkeley.

Dr. Patchell laid no emphasis on the social aims of Jesus. The thought was that Jesus did not seem to have any social aims; that you can organize, socialize Christianity of course, but that, after all, the great underlying thing, the essential is, the possession of life in its highest meaning and aspect by the individual and the impartation of it to others by impact on their lives. While there is no such thing as a man apart from society, while a man is created in society, yet the individual unit only is to be considered in the making.

Dr. Patchell dwelt impressively and in beautiful word pictures on the thought that while man was meant to be in the image of God it was not possible for God to create a being in his own image, that the image was attained only by man and God working together to that end. Continually are we in the process of being created, and finally do we emerge in the image of God.

Professor Buckham regarded the gospel as a social as well as an individual message, and presented as one of the needs of the age the harmonizing of the social and the individual gospel. In a few words concerning socialism the thought was that it had in it things good and bad and discrimination was needed in accepting and applying. The great solvent of the problems of our age Professor Buckham found to lie in the spirit of sympathy—which is the spirit of Christ.

In the course of his address the Professor condemned without reserve the present-day denominational rivalry as unsocial and uncharitable to the last degree. There is much talk in some circles about unity, he remarked, but very little action to secure it.

Among the things held in this address as ministering to the social needs of the age were longer pastorates, so that the pastor might leave his impress for good more indelibly on the community.

Professor Buckham plead also for the establishment of a new standard of success in the ministry—urging the according of more honor to the men who work so as to touch the deeper springs of life though they may not add names to the church roll in large numbers.

The paper by the Rev. Mr. Gould was one deserving wide reading and we have asked it for publication at an early day.

The address by Mayor J. Stitt Wilson of Berkeley, on "The Message of Jesus to Our Time," was one which we would gladly give space to in The Pacific; but it was not written, and is not available for publication at this time. Mayor Wilson advocated nothing, plead for nothing which everyone wishing the welfare of mankind ought not to be willing to grant. If he is an extremist, he was not that in his address at the Congregational Conference last Thursday; and the message of Jesus which came from his lips

to that assemblage of ministers and laymen was such as to make prayer and not discussion the fitting closure of the session. Accordingly, when it was moved that discussion which had been arranged for be dispensed with and adjournment be made until the evening session after a season of prayer there was not a dissenting voice. And the prayer was: Give us a new passion for service for mankind—for the bringing in speedily of the day when his will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven. After adjournment our pastor at Palo Alto remarked: "I felt as I listened as if I were at an evangelistic service." And Professor Bradley of the University of California said: "I haven't heard for twenty years anything so inspiring."

Many went up to greet Mayor Wilson, and for half an hour he was the center of an interested circle as questions and answers went around.

But what, according to Mayor Wilson, is the message of Jesus to our time? It is that the total welfare of humanity must be put foremost—that individual interest be not paramount, but that in everything there must be absolute selflessness. It is his belief that if the Cross of Christ were lived up to the whole aspect of civilization would be materially altered; that if the world were to give the Bible a chance it would be seen soon to be the most revolutionary agency ever working upon the earth.

Mayor Wilson has no fault to find with our christianity except that of the stand-pat kind—one content with existing conditions. A Christian, he believes, should always be ahead of his generation; the church in the forefront of reform and progress instead of waiting to be pulled up to higher planes from the far-away rear.

In the course of his address, when advising his hearers to launch their Mayflowers and steer boldly toward the wide new sea, he remarked that the ancient religious world could not keep track of Jesus from an ecclesiastical standpoint, and that he could not have passed a church examining board. He also said that the prophet Isaiah said to the people of his day things which, if he were to say today, he would be accused of throwing bombshells into the midst of their serenity.

In concluding his address the Mayor ventured the prediction that, if our civilization were to get away from the absolutely villainous thing of simply making money and let the spiritual forces of life dominate, gifts long dormant in the church would be exercised again—that the veil of the unseen would be lifted and we would look in on the witnesses which surround us even as Jesus and the apostles did on the Mount of Transfiguration.

The annual sermon in the evening, by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland, was an impressive summons forward to the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Mr. Palmer has vision and he sees opening up rapidly in our land a new civic life which shall have regard not only for property but as well for the lives and souls of men. He showed, too, how we have been going forward as a church and how the call is to move still forward. There is a larger and a finer conception of salvation than of old—no longer are men asked to join the church for their own soul's sake, but for service.

In showing how the call comes to men and women today Mr. Palmer told of Jane Addams walking one bleak day in Chicago out from Hull House to a distant park in which is a statue of Lincoln so as to stand before it and get the inspiration and strength which she was needing so as best to go forward in the life of service to which she had dedicated herself.

CONFERENCE NOTES.

The place of meeting next year was left to the decision of the board of trustees.

An amendment to the constitution changes the word "directors" to "trustees."

The Rev. L. D. Rathbone was re-elected secretary and the Rev. C. C. Champlin registrar.

Seminary visitors for the ensuing year are the Revs. R. W. Rogers, G. D. Yoakum and Mr. A. T. Ruthrauf.

The Rev. J. B. Orr was named as preacher for the next conference and the Rev. H. E. Banham as alternate.

The Rev. Messrs. Fisher, Rathbone and Tenney were appointed as Missionary Education Movement Committee.

At a meeting of the trustees last Friday the Rev. H. R. Miles was elected president and the Rev. B. St. John, vice-president.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary was appointed delegate to the next annual meeting of the American Missionary Association.

A committee on Comity and Federation was constituted as follows: Rev. Messrs. J. W. Buckham, L. B. Briggs, E. C. Oakley, W. W. Ferrier and Mr. H. R. Jones.

The Rev. F. H. Maar, a brother greatly beloved, now laid aside from active work by long continued illness, was able to be present to enjoy some of the sessions.

A message of affection and sympathy was sent to Deacon Hays of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, who is ill in Pasadena, and brotherly words received from him in return.

The Rev. Joseph Rowell was in attendance. He has not missed a conference in the fifty-five years since it was organized. A record to be coveted! As is the record of Chaplain Rowell in many ways.

Many things said in the discussions were well worth quoting, none more so than this by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer: "I believe that the Church is doing a larger social service than it gets credit for."

Among the ministers in attendance was the Rev. A. B. Snider, formerly of California; recently of Oregon, but who is likely to take work again in California. Also the Rev. J. Morgan Lewis of Scappoose, Oregon.

During the conference sessions signatures were taken for an amendment which will make it possible to hold the legal business meeting wherever the conference may assemble instead of in San Francisco each year.

The offering at the communion service, which amounted to fifty dollars, was sent to the Rev. W. A. Pulcifer, who took charge at Pescadero recently, but who has been ordered by physicians to cease work entirely for a year.

The general theme was: "The Adjustment of the Church to the Changing Social Order." Another theme was: "The Whole Church Behind the Whole Work." And another: "The Whole Church Behind the Missionary Enterprise."

The Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Willey came into the conference at one of its sessions. As he was conducted to the

front all arose in greeting and Moderator Palmer, in words fitly chosen, voiced the esteem in which this veteran is held.

Mention was made by Secretary Fisher of a plan to have the annual conference meetings in Washington, Oregon, and Northern California, held consecutively so as to command the attendance and service for special addresses of prominent men in the East.

Several lunches and dinners were served in the church, greatly to the promotion of fellowship. The North Berkeley Church co-operated with the First Church in furnishing entertainment and served dinner the afternoon the session was held in that edifice.

The thanks of the Conference were tendered Attorneys Charles Bufford of San Francisco and W. A. Clark of Oakland for important legislation relating to corporations for religious purposes secured by their initiative and agency. Mr. Clark was a member of the last legislature.

The Y. M. C. A. work in the University of California was presented by Professor Kofoid and by the secretary and several hundred dollars were pledged for the support of the same. In a recent canvass among the students seventy-eight percent gave church affiliation or preference.

Fraternal words from the Rev. James A. Chamberlain of Berkeley were read by Professor Buckham, and a message of sympathy was sent in return to this beloved brother who has been for nearly two years wholly laid aside from service. Dr. Chamberlain was brought to the entrance of the church one day in a wheel chair and had loving greeting there from many of his brethren.

The report of the seminary visitors, which was read by the Rev. C. L. Mears, emphasized the need for a fireproof library building. It was suggested that better chapel facilities might be afforded by a small addition to the building. It was stated that the extension fo the Southern Pacific electric railway system along by the seminary building would make urgent ere long a different and permanent location.

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley contained the following note last Sunday: "Mayor Wilson's address at the state conference quickened and humbled all who heard it. It is to be regretted more of our men could not be present. The impression made on those who did hear will last long. Some of them will tell at the Wednesday evening meeting things of which Mayor Wilson set them thinking."

Mr. Tom Hannay, Christian Endeavor worker in Southern California, was in attendance. Speaking as a leader among the young people he gave assurance that the society was going to emphasize loyalty to the Church. Mr. Hannay has been one of the Christian workers among the four thousand men laboring on the Los Angeles aqueduct. He urged less academic work and a gospel that would appeal to and grip all classes of men.

The annual report of Superintendent Rathbone stated that 28 pastors had resigned during the year and that 24 had been called. Three new churches were organized, two in places without other denominational organizations. The policy is not to crowd in where the field is well occupied. Mr. Rathbone's field work carried him 29,911 miles during the year. From the office 3,000 letters were sent out. Missionary aid was granted 53 churches.

The following named persons were chosen trustees: Revs. H. R. Miles, A. B. Patten, H. E. Banham, C. F. Aked, R. S. Nickerson, B. Gould and C. L. Mears; Mr. I. H. Morse, Mr. W. A. Clark, Mrs. F. B. Perkins and Mrs. Geo. Hinman. The following named persons continue as members from previous years: Revs. G. E. Atkinson, W. E. Eckles, S. C. Patterson, B. St. John, J. B. Orr, and Messrs. C. H. Ham, A. T. Ruthrauf, M. Marcus, G. W. Scott and F. F. Morse.

Among the resolutions passed was one favoring an international court of arbitration, and one for uniform divorce laws by amendment of the federal constitution. A summer school of religious pedagogy was recommended; an inter-denominational delegation to the Orient was favored; the valuable work of Mr. and Mrs. Collett among the Indians commended, and the Sunday School and Publishing Society petitioned to arrange for a more timely distribution of supplies on the Coast.

The Rev. Walter Frear spoke of the comfort, cheer, relief and gladness which had come into the lives of the persons who had been given the aid afforded by the Ministerial Relief Society during the year. He said that this was in no respect a charity but something which the churches owed its disabled servitors. The report showed that $587.50 had been apportioned between five ministers and two widows of deceased ministers and $74.50 sent to the national society. The fund now amounts to $6,000, with $500 which can be added at any time by vote of the directors. During the year the total receipts were $865.84. This was an advance from $717.39 for the previous year.

At the business meeting in San Francisco on Friday it was stated that not a little trouble and disappointment had been met with in that delegates whose names had been sent in for entertainment failed to put in an appearance and persons expecting to entertain them looked in vain for their coming. In the words of the Apostle James: "Brethren these things ought not so to be!" Whenever reported delegates are not to be in attendance notice should be sent to the entertainment committee and the names of new delegates forwarded if such are elected. After people prepare entertainment they prefer to give it. One family sent an automobile to the church for those who were assigned to them as guests but found no one.

At an afternoon session which the present writer could not attend, Mrs. C. A. Kofoid spoke on "The Young People and Missions;" Mrs. Eli King and Mrs. Barber on "The Woman's Board and the Apportionment Plan;" and the Rev. H. M. Tenney on "The Secretary of the Benevolent Society and the Whole Plan." The report of the conference benevolent committee was made that afternoon, and there was an address on "The Church Canvass and the Apportionment Plan," by Mrs. Rugg. None of these were we privileged to hear. The editor of The Pacific would express here regret for his inability to attend all sessions of the Conference, so as to convey to the readers some knowledge and conception of all that was said and done. But the paper had to be gotten out as usual and there was non one else to do the work relating thereto.

The report of Superintendent Fisher of the Sunday School and Publishing Society showed a gain of 1178 in enrollment in the Sunday-schools. Twelve new schools were organized, seven in places never before occupied by the society. Among the most promising stations is that

of Rock Ridge between Oakland and Berkeley. Less than half of the churches had made offerings up to the date of the report. Mr. Fisher spoke of the wide need for department rooms for the Sunday-schools, and named as a valuable book on that subject, "Housing the Sunday-Schools." Mention was made of the fact that the Institutes held on the Coast had created a demand for more. The Rev. Huber Burr's services in the field were commended and the valuable help of the Rev. E. J. Singer, now a pastor in the San Joaquin Valley, had worthy recognition. Mr. Singer has been a helpful "lookout committee"—a man knowing where work ought to be inaugurated and ready to lend a hand in getting it inaugurated.

One evening was given to "Conference Work Through the Congregational Home Missionary Society." Rev. S. C. Patterson, the president of the society, presided. The Rev. L. W. Winslow of Paradise spoke of the work in that mountain parish. To him it is not a sacrifice but a joy to labor there. They have "a gem of a church building," and the people are receptive and responsive. There are not the things to divert and distract there that are found many places and the church is the important center of community life. Mrs. Hettie F. Douglas, who is the pastor of Little Shasta, told of a farmers' institute which had been held in the church at that place and how interest centered in and around the little church in that mountain region. Superintendent Larkin of the Southern California Conference spoke on the possibilities of the future in California and what must needs be done to meet the problems with which we shall be faced when the Panama Canal opens California up to easy settlement by the immigrants from Southern Europe. His word was: We shall have to enlarge our conception of Home Missionary work if we are to meet the need. And he asked for a Coast consciousness that would assure intelligent, sympathetic co-operation over all the coast territory.

Commendable action was taken by the Conference with reference to the Green Street Congregational Church of San Francisco. Its fine position for the work which it has been doing under Mr. and Mrs. Walz for several years was pointed out in an impressive address by C. Z. Merritt of the First Church of Oakland; Mr. G. W. Dickie supplemented this by remarks which showed how visits there now and then for several years had commended the work to him, and Professor Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary, who resided there and worked with the church last year, gave valuable testimony. Resolutions were introduced which recommended the appropriation of $2,000 a year to aid Green Street and had unanimous and hearty adoption. If after four years the Conference has shown its willingness to co-operate in this work in this field the title to property which has been acquired at an expenditure of $50,000 will be vested in the Conference. We venture the assertion that there will not for many years be a missionary field in California more demanding of attention and help than that of Green Street. It is to be hoped that Mr. Walz, who has so woven himself into the hearts of all nationalities there by his tactful helpfulness, will find it possible now that aid is to be extended to go on in the good work for many years.

The Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Beryl Bishop Collett, missionary workers among the California Indians, told of the cheer that had come to these Indians to whom the government had given homes after more than half a century of wandering. Captain Tack was quoted as saying: "Fifty-three years no home! Now we got land. First night I heard that I couldn't sleep. I couldn't sleep four nights I so happy. I feel like I got wings and could fly." Another when told on his way to Mt. Hermon that teachers were to be sent to them, said: "If I could know we had a teacher, I'd be so happy I'd almost jump off the train before I got there." Another was quoted thus: "'Tain't very much difference 'tween white man and Indian; just only dark skin. Our heart just like white man's. You Christian people you find anything better, you s'pose you go back? We feel the same. We need school, eddication. We need church. We don't like seein' our chillun go in saloon and all that. If I had eddication I could talk three hours, but I hope my speechin' will get us land. I thought whiskey the greatest thing in the world; white man drink it—best thing in the world! One day we sit at the table (we had sittin' table) I make my promise to my wife, mother and chillun: 'This last drink I goin' to have.' My cousin say: 'I bet my hat in six months you be drinkin' again.' I say: 'Might as well give hat now.' That been six years; I never drink; I never seen hat yet. I was come to San Francisco. I work there nine months and catch a cold. White man say to me: 'Go in saloon, get cocktail (that what he call it) and take before bedtime.' I say: 'No, I rather go die dead 'fore I drink that stuff again. What use man's will if he go break word to wife, mother and family!'"

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary returned yesterday from his Eastern trip.

Oregon Congregationalism had an increase in membership of 10 per cent the last year. Three new buildings were built in Portland. A fine new building is planned at Hood River.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell, who has been the efficient superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Oregon for several years, retires from the work and takes the Congregational pastorate at Oregon City.

The Gipsy Smith revival meetings in Spokane resulted in 667 conversions. The attendance for the two weeks was from 4,000 to 6,000 a night. A brief but very interesting account of these meetings will be found in our "Inland Empire Letter" this week.

TRIUMPH OF THE TREATIES.

President Taft is making a notable traveling campaign in behalf of the international peace treaties, of which he is the distinguished author. Shall his own country fall behind the advanced sentiment of England and France, who consent to unlimited arbitration with the United States?

The prospective rejection or excision of these treaties by our Senate should arouse every patriotic citizen and lover of mankind to protest against such unworthy legislation. By the time Congress assembles in early December public sentiment should have made known its imperative demand for the passage of the treaties in form unabridged. The churches generally by means of resolutions, addresses and sermons have unlimited opportunity to lead in this magnificent advance of peace and good will among men.

In line with this purpose the New Olivet Church of Los

Angeles at a recent meeting unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the members of this church hereby place on record their earnest approval of the wise, patriotic and far-reaching action of President Taft in leading for the adoption by the countries interested of international treaties of peace.

Resolved, That the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate of the United States is hereby petitioned to endorse unconditionally the form of statement in which the treaties are expressed.

Resolved, That our Representatives from California, in the Senate and in the House, are hereby requested to do all in their power towards the adoption of the treaties as framed by the President.

A copy of the above is sent to President Taft and to Senator Works and Representative Stephens.

Los Angeles, Oct. 19, 1911. J. L. M.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

By Aloha.

A Wonderful Preacher.

A year ago it was my privilege to attend morning service at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in the city of New York. I cannot remember the text from which the loving preacher, now in our First Congregational Church in San Francisco, brought forth abundant gospel honey. Neither the prayer, the chapter, nor the hymns are specially clear in memory. The church edifice was plain. It held seven hundred serious people, who listened as I did. Never can I forget the outburst of Christian enthusiasm with which the glowing gospeller closed. I took no notes and cannot reproduce his exact words. But I am sure I do no violence to his feeling or his meaning in quoting him. "Brethren, I am not living in the past, nor am I absorbed in the present, full and intense as it is. Nor am I spent in dreams of the future, bright as it is with the promises of God. I am a child of eternity, caught in the great plans of God and glad to be responsible to His will." So Ward Beecher used to talk when I was a Yale boy and one of his sermons would set my heart to glowing for a term and I hastened the next vacation back to the fascinating preacher, and, if my arm had been long enough, I would have stopped the clock that the discourse might have gone on. It is in my heart to pass on to dear Pacific friends, if I may, some of the comfort of Brother Aked's assuring words. He certainly has "the comfort of eternity." I covet new conceptions and experiences of it. Our troubled country needs citizens of this faith. The restless church of God requires this to buttress and cultivate her faith. You have heard a deal of the length and everlastingness of eternity. You have read the awful scripture "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." Faithful evangelists, doing God's service, have filled your ears with the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?" The long and terrible word has glared at you in tabernacle halls. Are you not willing to ponder with me for a little while the 'comfort of eternity"? Has our heart-winning English brother a monopoly of this gladdening conception and faith, or may we all who are simple and sincere Christians enter too into its joy and light?

There may be a shadow on your spirit, my brother. The grind of strenuous labor has worn you. Capital may have crowded you unfairly. A long vigil with a sick friend has overtaxed you. You are clearly down-hearted. Exhortation may fall upon your tired ears. Test the uplift of the "comfort of eternity." There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." Are you one of His people? Do you love the brethren? "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." I once pinned a discouraged brother in a Minneapolis prayer-meeting with that verse and compelled him to a higher hope because he fairly glowed with the love for the fold around him. Only he was tired bodily with the everlasting grind. I aim a shaft at your dear heart. Do you love the brethren? Then you are a prime candidate for everlasting loving. You do not need to climb Mt. Hamilton or Mt. Lowe to scan the stellar world. Nor do you need a theological proof of sonship to the Divine. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness and unto the "comfort of eternity." This is life eternal to love folks just as you do love them—love them so that the idea of ever stopping loving them is monstrous—too incredible for belief. It simply cannot be.

Glorious Examples.

We know honey is sweet by tasting it. We can tell with our eyes shut when Santa Clara county's hundred billion prune blossoms are unfolded. So the example of those who exhibit here the very peace of eternity grips us. I do not mean the dead only. This is not a dead paper. Neither is it for the dead but the living. When the great Brooklyn preacher took his young assistant editor a walk on Broadway the brilliant and eager young man was working his chief for a great anti-slavery editorial. The master held him off a little. "I never loaf but I sometimes loiter a little for my profit. Let us look a little at the pictures in these windows." After the expansive hour of relaxation in a noble fellowship the exuberant spirit ran off the brilliant pen. This scribe was prepared to read Abraham Lincoln's proclamation to twelve hundred slaves by those fruits of the strength and "comfort of eternity." "He that believeth shall not make haste." Please, **Please**, PLEASE, dear fellow Christian, absorbed with cares in these strenuous times, adopt that phrase—"the comfort of eternity." Forget my arguments and illustrations, but forge your own reasoning and gather your own illustrations and breathe from your own refreshed heart upon your burdened parish, your faithful class, your tugging ranch force, your labor union crew of operatives, your perturbed household who look up to you, the God-given "comfort of eternity." My glorious teacher, James H. Fairchild of Oberlin, who as preparatory student, collegian, theologue, professor, president and president emeritus of Oberlin College, rounded out sixty-six fruitful years and finally went to heaven at the age of eighty-two, had the longest relation to a noble school of which I have been able to find record. He served Oberlin longer than Bismarck served Germany. He gave greater testimony to the "comfort of eternity" than I have found in any learned argument of the schools. When commencement excitements were on and his hospitable home was full of scholars and theologians, and great themes were canvassed with high talk in the parlor, if there came a crisis in the kitchen he could aid his delicate wife and flustered servants by prompt and humble service, and come back serene to his unsurpassed place in the conference of brains. If his baby girl came crying into the circle with a troublesome knot in her shoe-string she was not sent away to add to the kitchen perplexities but was kissed, comforted and tied up as kindly

as if she were a bride. No Northern Ohio mud was too deep for his patience and they do say that you could hear a Northern Ohio horse draw his feet from the mud before you could see the animal himself. Rain never disturbed the sunny president. It was always good weather under his umbrella. No wonder the laddie to his mother, "It seemed mamma when I twined around in church this morning as if I saw the smiling face of Jesus Christ." The modest Ohio President could not preach like Dr. Aked, but he lived "the comfort of eternity."

What Are We Going to Do About It?

Is this strenuous age to master us or shall "the simple life," the French Pastor Wagner wrote about so charmingly take on the victorious worth and welcome of everlastingness? Otherwise the Juggernaut world will crush us as that cruel Indian car mangled its victims. Do you know you can sleep late for the glory of God, as truly as you can rise early? "He giveth His beloved sleep." I heard a very young physician tell his ardent young pastor never to reproach himself unless he slept more than fourteen hours daily. "For," said he, "you will expend more nerve force in twenty-four." It has taken a strenuous life time for that minister to prove his medical friend's wisdom. Friend, your God loves you as much in your hammock as He does in your closet. You are as precious to Him in the welcome shade of the Redwoods, or lying in the soft sand of the sea-shore, as you are at the communion table. Sunning is not necessarily sinning. This truth is as true for you, beloved layman, as if you were a missionary in darkest Africa. The true "comfort of eternity" will make a picnic where you glorify the mountains, the trees, the brooks, the flowers of God as useful and as precious as a prayer-meeting.

The truth is, friends, you are in eternity now. "This IS life eternal." Quit dating your eternal life to the after death period. "Now are you the sons of God." Great health and abounding life lie this way of faith. Mark with any color pencil you choose the peace, joy, thanksgiving, fellowship, love passages in your Bible and the sunny places will shine for your radiant faith like stars in the evening sky. Strenuous, intense, nervous souls need this doctrine most. The more peace costs the more it is worth. Have it if you have to fight for it.

I visited in Rome the church where the glorious Luther went bound in spirit, hoping that by climbing on weary knees the prescribed number of stony steps he might gain victory and peace. I could pity but I could not follow the crowd of sorrowful souls who imagined bruised knees were their only price for freedom. We stood reverently, drew near the worn stones and looked, and loved, and prayed. I prayed for you, Pacific friends, and for me, and mine, and the dear saint we love and shall love forever. It was a rare moment in a glad everlastingness. In my Master's name I bring you a breath of that uplifting hour. Luther gave up his knee-bruising penance and touched the "comfort of eternity" with his Christian clarion cry, "The Just shall live by faith." May Luther's God, our God forevermore, lead you, dear reader, in His own way, to a present and lifelong "comfort of eternity."

Saratoga.

The Constellation of Columbia now has 48 stars in it, occupying almost the whole of the western part of the political heavens. What shall be the name of the next star to be gathered in from the contiguous sky? Shall it be called Alaska or Aloha or Porto Rico? The last-named now has a brilliance sufficient to make it a star of at least the third magnitude were it brought within the boundaries of the Constellation.

SEVEN CITIES —THEIR DIFFICULTIES, THEIR DREAMS THEIR ACHIEVMENTS AS SEEN BY A VACATION WANDERER.

6. Should the City Own a Farm?

(From a Series of Sunday Evening Sermons by Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.)

The official stationery of Cleveland is headed "Cleveland" in large blue letters and underneath it in smaller leters these words, "Sixth City." This means that Cleveland, with its population of 560,000, is the sixth city in the United States in point of size. And yet if we had a Greater San Francisco here around the bay, the combined population of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda would be 630,000 and we should then be the sixth city instead of Cleveland?

The first thing that strikes your attention in Cleveland is the fact that it costs only 3c to ride on the street cars. It costs one cent more for a transfer, but when you present the transfer on the next car the conductor gives you your penny back. Thus with cheap transportation does Cleveland reduce the cost of living. But Cleveland does more—it reduces the cost of dying! The city owns and operates four cemeteries, thus providing competition for the cemeteries privately owned and keeping down the rates.

The city also operates a dozen playgrounds and provides fifty baseball diamonds for its boys. If Cleveland doesn't win the league pennant this year, it surely will when the boys who are learning the fine points of the game on these fifty diamonds grow up.

But the glory of Cleveland is its intelligent care for the submerged element of its population, the poor, the sick and the sinful—the wreckage of modern city life. This care is shown most strikingly in its police department and its city farms.

The police department of Cleveland is famous for having initiated a so-called "Golden Rule" system. In a nutshell this means that the business of Cleveland policemen is to maintain the peace in the spirit of a big brother. He is to avoid all display of force, except in extreme cases, and to make arrests only when absolutely necessary. In this way only people who have done evil maliciously and who are pretty sure to be convicted are brought into court. The practical working of the system is to save many people from the humiliation and stigma of appearance in court and to set the police free to devote a larger part of their energies to the repression of more serious criminals. Th result is that Cleveland is remarkably free from professional criminals.

Another interesting feature of the Cleveland police department is its method of control of the social evil by what is known as a system of "Police Repression." I asked the acting chief of police, "Have you a segregated district in Cleveland?" "Yes, he said, "we have, but you could walk through it without knowing it. We allow no red lights, no signs or initial letters or any other means of advertising the nature of the house. We allow no houses of prostitution in connection with saloons and we allow no men to live off of these women or make money from their exploitation. Each house must be in charge of a woman and we fight the cadet system at every turn. If any house doesn't obey these regulations, we simply station an officer in front with a pad of paper and a blue pencil and he notes down the names of all who enter, and that soon puts the house out of business." When I thought of the dimensions of the social evil in San Francisco and of the terrible conditions on the Barbary Coast, it seemed to be hardly creditable that a city as large as San Francisco and Oakland together could possibly so repress the social evil. A few days later in Chicago I met my old friend and classmate, George J. Kneeland, who has had charge of the recent thorough and scientific investigation of the social evil carried on in Chicago by the Chicago Vice Commission. I told what the acting chief of police had reported to me in

Cleveland and asked him if he had not given me a rather rose colored view of things. But Mr. Kneeland assured me that what the chief had told me was really true of Cleveland, that he himself had investigated conditions there and that the social evil was under the best control in Cleveland of any large city in the country.

Cleveland has one of the best police courts in the country. This is important, for the police court is the poor man's court and he will form his opinion of the government by the character of the police court. The foreigner in particular comes in contact with American institutions most forcefully through the police court. If it is dirty and undignified or, worse yet, if it is corrupt and cruel, his ideas as to the much talked of American freedom are rudely shocked and the seeds of rebellion and anarchy are sown. It is therefore very important that the police court, as the forum of the common people, should be dignified and fair and above suspicion.

The court I visited in Cleveland was presided over by Judge Manuel Levine, a Russian Jew. He came to this country only 13 years ago when he was 18 years old. He had studied in a Russian university for five years and had absorbed new ideas of freedom which seemed possible of fulfillment only in America. He arrived in Cleveland penniless and unknown and one of the first experiences that came to him was a visit to a political meeting presided over by a Russian Jew who was the boss of the ward and who controlled the police judge and other city officials. At this political meeting the boss told a great crowd of Russian Jew peddlers that it didn't make any difference what they did, that, even if they were arrested for buying stolen property, through his influence with the judge he would see that they got free if they only were loyal to him and voted as he directed. Levine went out of the lighted hall that night with a reliazation that in free America there were still serious problems of self-government. Very soon after he had the good fortune to come under the influence of George Belalmy, the head worker of Hiram House, a Cleveland social settlement. Under his encouragement Levine worked hard, studied English, entered the law school of Western Reserve University, and in 1903, after having been in the country only five years, was appointed assistant prosecutor by Mayor Tom L. Johnson. In this position he did remarkable work in freeing the police court from the petty graft practiced on the foreigners, and well earned his later election as police judge. It is most interesting to watch him in court. He is keen, kindly and just. He has the prisoner sit very close to him and directs a rapid fire of questions at him both with his lips and his eyes. He knows human nature and his integrity is above reproach. Tom L. Johnson used to say of him, "Levine is one of the finest fellows I know. He isn't all heart and he isn't all law—he combines 'em."

One interesting institution which may be mentioned in connection with the police court, though it is a private and not a city institution, is what is known as "The Brotherhood." Five years ago a man discharged from the workhouse saved up $10.00 and came back to grub-stake a fellow prisoner. The two men hired a room and soon took in a third prisoner released on parole. The movement grew, until now the brotherhood has a large house where any man who is released from the workhouse is welcome to come and find a home until he secures permanent work elsewhere. Some two or three hundred men pass through this institution every year, which thus serves as a vestibule between the jail and the outer world. It costs $8,255 a year to run it and of this amount $6,000 is contributed by exprisoners and the remaining $2,200 by philanthropic people of Cleveland.

But much more constructive than the work of the police department is the work of the city farms. There are four of them. The first is located at Hudson and is called Boyville, or the Cleveland Boys' Home. Here boys are sent from the juvenile court. One hundred and thirty of them live in family groups in eight cottages, each under a house mother. They attend school half a day and work on the farm and play the other half. They raise all sorts of farm products and made 600 gallons of maple syrup last year. They have a trained play instructor and life is so happy and wholesome that the boys stay on the farm of their own accord. Additional attractions are their own fire department and the fine swimming hole, which in winter is frozen over and used as a skating pond. Their feeling of loyalty is such that no disgrace attaches to being a graduate of Boyville. One advantage of this farm is that, while it is far enough out of town to entirely change the boy's environment and take him from the streets and put him in touch with the trees and the hills, birds, flowers and all growing things out in the open air, it is near enough to the city so that his family can come and see him and take pride in his improvement. In this way the family ties are not broken and the wholesome life of the boy on the farm cannot help but be reflected into the home from which he came.

The other three farms are located on the other side of the city on the crest of a beautiful hill eight miles out of town. The central farm is the city infirmary and is called the colony farm. It has beautiful concrete Mission style buildings and cares for the city's poor. A separate building shelters women, and yet another provides quarters for old married couples so that they need not be separated in the last years of their life. It is very touching to read over the mantelpiece in the common sitting room in this building the words of Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in his hand,
Who saith; a whole I planned,
Trust God, see all nor be afraid!"

All who are able work on the farm and in the laundry and kitchen. Not all who are here are paupers, but many are supported by their relatives.

A mile away on another hilltop is the new tuberculosis sanitorium in process of construction. It is being built along the most modern lines and will be available for the rescue and cure of all in the city who have even incipient tuberculosis.

They realize in Cleveland that tuberculosis is a preventable and, if taken sufficiently early, a curable disease, and they propose to provide for all in this sanitorium every opportunity to get well. Even though they may be too poor to pay, they will receive here the best and most scientific care, not only for their own sakes, but also for the sake of all their fellow citizens in order that every possible center of infection may be healed.

The results obtained in the present inadequately equipped sanitorium last year were, out of 217 patients, 17 1-2 per cent entirely cured; while 67 per cent showed gains in weight of from 5 to 30 pounds.

But the most interesting of all the farms to me was the correction farm, located a mile away in another direction. One of the most puzzling problems of city administration is the question of what to do with the class of petty offenders who commit misdemeanors,—the drunks, the petty thieves, disturbers of the peace and prostitutes. To fine them is only to work hardship on their families or send them out under greater necessity to ply their evil trade. To imprison them in most cases seems to be without permanent result; it costs money and it sends them out more confirmed criminals than they were before, more hopeless and further initiated into the ways of the underworld. The only logical thing for a city to do with these offenders is to cure them. But how?

Cleveland is setting about this task in a vigorous and original fashion. A long time ago in Cleveland they recorgnized the effect of idleness in jail and so they organized a workhouse and, instead of having the prisoners spend the long days in their cells smoking and reading magazines and playing cards and brooding over their troubles, they set them to work making brushes. That went on for a number of years until Mayor Tom L. Johnson, (who, whatever his faults may have been, had a remarkable faculty for selecting able men) appointed his pastor, the Rev. Harrison R. Cooley as superintendent of charities and correction. Mr. Cooley felt that while giving the prisoners something to do was a good idea, brush making was not the ideal occupation for prisoners because it kept them indoors and was monotonous and confining. He believed that the thing to do with prisoners was to take them back to the soil and have them work in the open air, and one of the many good results of his administration was the establishment by the city of what is known as the correction farm at Warrenville, eight miles out of town.

I had the priviledge this summer of spending a day at

this correction farm. It is beautifully located on high land and contains 840 acres. The only building so far erected is what is known as the correction square, a fine concrete building in mission style built around a court. This contains the dormitories where the prisoners sleep, for instead of occupying single cells, the prisoners sleep in large dormitories with plenty of ventilation and clean and comfortable beds. The correction square also contains a fine large kitchen, a big dining room, a chapel, a reading room, and social hall and other rooms unused at present which are designed for shops. Only about half of the city prisoners are on the farm at present, the other half still being in the workhouse in the city. When the farm buildings are completed, however, all the prisoners will be brought out to the farm. The plan is to have a space of about five acres around the building, surrounded by a high wall, inside of which the least reliable prisoners will do vegetable gardening and work in the shops, while the more reliable ones (probably 75 per cent) will be allowed to do the general work on the big farm outside.

After a very interesting talk with the superintendent, Mr. Mack, and luncheon at his house, which is one of the old farm houses, we started out in a spring wagon for a tour of the farm. Very soon we came to a group of men building a road. They were dressed like ordinary men and were working and not loafing. I said, "Where is the guard?" Mr. Mack replied, " We don't have any guards. All the men whom we employ here are experts in different lines of work. The man in the kakhi coat there is an expert in road building and he works right with his group of men." "But isn't he armed?" I asked. "No," said Mr. Mack. "none of us go armed." "But don't the men run away?" I said. "It is a very rare thing," he replied, "for any man to run away during the daytime while he is busy at work. At night we lock them up in the correction square, because at night when they are idle they are apt to plan to run away. But in the daytime when they are busy they are very contented."

little further on we came to a crowd of men haying. "You see the man with the broad-brimmed hat," saidMr. Mack. "Well, he is my boss farmer and all the men working with him there are prisoners. He came here himself as a prisoner at first, was a habitual drunkard, but he is a good farmer and after he had served his time he applied for a job. So now he is one of my most efficient assistants."

The next place we visited was the piggery. The man in charge of this institution also had been sent up for drunkenness. "At first he didn't seem to fit in anywhere, but after a while I found out he was a genius at raising hogs," said Mr. Mack. And certainly I never met a farmer who showed a more intelligent interest in his work than did this prisoner in charge of the piggery. He was an artist in his own line! I don't know anything about raising hogs, but that man's enthusiasm was contagious!

We visited the cow-barns and the dairy, the rock quarry where macadam for building the roads is obtained, the fruit orchards and the vegetable gardens, and everywhere found a group of prisoners at work, but no guards standing around with loaded rifles, only superintendents of the work in hand unarmed and working right along with their men. The spirit of the place was a spirit of industry and of good comradeship, happy, wholesome work out in the open air, away from the blighting influences of city life. Men are released from time to time on parole. The report of the commissioner of public safety, shows that last year 470 prisoners were paroled of whom 83 per cent made good.

It is very interesting to look over the record of the products of the correction farm for the year. Here are some of the items for 1910:

8940 gallons of milk, value $1609.00; 3390 pounds of beef, value $305.00; 13565 pounds of pork, value $1424.00; 1711 pounds of beef hides, value $145.00; 1600 bushels of potatoes, value $800; 992 bushels of carrots, value $456.00 2111 dozen sweet corn, value $211.00; 4400 bushels of oats, value $2290.00; 125 tons of timothy hay, value $2062.00; 180 tons of clover hay, value $2520.00.

The total products of the farm, many of which I have no time to mention, amounted to $16,025 for the year 1910. It costs Cleveland 50c a day to maintain its prisoners. This is the total cost of supervision and maintenance and is about the same as it is in other cities. But over against this you have what a jail system does not provide, this large credit account of farm products which are used in all the other city institutions. So that the farm system is not only efficient from the standpoint of scientific penology, but it is also economical.

It sems to me that there is no question but that the best thing which can be done for the petty offender is to take him out of the city into the open air, to take him back to the soil, to make him a member of a group of men who are not shut up in prison, but working with animals and growing things in the country, and then when you have got the alcohol out of his system and shown him a better way to live and treated him like a brother, release him on parole and give him a chance to show whether or not he can make good.

Just imagine for a moment that you have committed some misdemeanor. Supposing the city put you in jail, shut you up all day long behind barred doors in an atmosphere reeking with chloride of lime, and then gave you nothing to do but brood over your troubles and disgrace. Or supposing it loaded you into a heavy black van and carried you under armed escort out to a quarry, there to work in a chain gang under the eye of a policeman constantly on guard with a loaded rifle. When at last you served your term and were set free, how would you feel toward the city. What would be your attitude of mind toward society? How much incentive would such treatment have given you to go out and be a useful citizen? Would it not in fact arouse all the basest passions within you? Would it not tend to make you an enemy of society and would you not in bitterness of spirit vow to bide your time and get even.

Suppose, on the other hand, after your conviction you were taken out into the country on a farm and were told that the city proposed not to wreak vengeance upon you, but that it desired here, away from the city and its temptations, to give you a chance to make good. Supposing you were given a clean bed and good food and ample facilities for keeping clean and were told that instead of being locked up all day you could go out and work with a crowd of men making hay or building roads, or weeding cabbages out in the open air, not with any man standing over you with loaded rifle, but simply under the supervision of a foreman like any other working man. Supposing when you were released you were not simply turned out scott free, but were released on parole with the understanding that you must earn your freedom by making a good record. Wouldn't your attitude toward the city that treated you that way be one of respect rather than hatred, and would not every possible incentive within you be awakened to make a new start and do better?

There is one thing which they are not doing in Cleveland, but which I personally believe ought to be done. I believe the men on the farm ought to be paid a certain amount per day for their work, this amount to go to their families or, in the case of single men, to be deposited for them in a savings bank. The amount need not be large, but it would be a recognition on the part of the city that it is not taking a man's labor absolutely for nothing. It would be a material help to families whose bread winner has been taken from them, and if the pay were graded according to the service rendered, it would be an incentive to the prisoner to give the best possible service.

Why should not Oakland as well as Cleveland own a farm instead of shutting men up in jail and turning them out worse than when they entered? Why not put them to work out in the country doing wholesome and useful work, under the blue sky and in the open air? Such a course will save money, for the men will produce farm products which can be used in the city institutions, but it will do something vastly more important than save money—it will save men!

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Congregational Ministers' Relief Society of California will be held on Monday, October 30, at 12:15 o'clock p. m., in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, corner of Post and Mason streets, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and such other business as may come before it.

WALTER FREAR, Secretary.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Ontario.—Contract has been let for a new church building for $11,500.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The Rev. A. B. Snider has accepted a call to the pastorate and has entered on the work.

Oakland, First.—The Rev. L. L. Wirt has presented his resignation as assistant pastor, asking that it take effect in December.

San Francisco, Sunset.—The bazaar held last week will net about $200. Mr. Wilcox, the pastor, has received a ten-dollar donation for the sidewalk fund.

Oakland, Market Street.—Services are held in the Swedish Methodist church building on Sunday afternoons. Work on the new building is progressing. It will be under roof in a few days.

Los Angeles, Park.—The annual meeting of this church was recently held in the Sunday-school room. One hundred and forty sat down to refreshments prepared by our efficient Ladies' Aid Society. Reports were presented by all the church auxiliary societies. The report of the Sunday-school secretary was especially encouraging. The financial secretary reported all bills paid, and a small surplus to begin the new year. The Christian Endeavor is looking up. Benevolences have increased. A committee was appointed to secure the sale of our present church property, as the church has bought a new site, but has been unable to change its location, owing to the difficulty of making this sale. Park church's equipment has been a most serious handicap on its work for ten years, the congregation being too poor to make the necessary change. Ten thousand dollars is the price put on our present property. It is now only twelve blocks from the civic center. Some reader of the Pacific can make a good investment and give us a start by buying this property.

Bay Point.—Our church is taking on new life and vigor under our wide-awake and energetic pastor, Rev. Dr. Wilson. The following item is clipped from the "Contra Costa Courier" of October 19th: "The First Congregational church extended a call last Sunday to the Rev. W. Aubrey Wilson to become its pastor and Mr. Wilson after a few choice words accepted the call and now the First Church has a pastor who is eminently fitted to render spiritual aid to the non-believer as well as the back slider. It is now hoped that everybody regardless of their church affiliations will unite with Dr. Wilson in an endeavor to make Bay Point's only church, their church. There are over sixty children enrolled in the Sunday-school. The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church met on Wednesday evening at the beautiful home of the president, Mrs. Ed. Decker, who always delights in entertaining her friends. A dainty lunch was served." The local church considers itself highly fortunate in having secured such an able preacher as Mr. Wilson is proving himself to be. He is evidently the right man in the right place.

Los Angeles, First.—During the quarter ending September 30 the Men's Brotherhood studied the subject, "Capital and Labor." On October 15 they gave us an interesting evening service on "The Church and Industry." Prof. Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D., of the University of Southern California, gave a splendid address and also Dr. Day, according to his custom. On a number of Sundays the Brotherhood had invited leaders from the carpenters, the mechanics, the typesetters and other departments of labor to address the class. These occasions, without exception, were found to be profitable for instruction and most pleasant. It was a mystery how a different idea had once found its way into the papers. One Sunday Prof. Hunt led the class. They use Dr. Josiah Strong's book, "The Gospel of the Kingdom, Studies in Social Reform and What To Do," altering the subjects to suit local needs and circumstances. The class-leader declared theirs is the best Brotherhood in all the churches because they have such superior leadership in their pastor. In the Bible School all former lesson helps have been abolished and each pupil is furnished with a "Pupil's Book," and each teacher with a "Teacher's Book." All are pleased with the change. The course for the third year of the Intermediate Department is the Life of Christ, for the fourth year The Heroic Christ. The Teacher's Book for that year suggested buying McClure's Magazine for 1900, as it contained pictures by the masters, illustrating the work of Christ and the manners and customs of his time. One teacher bought eight numbers for ten cents, a small output for large results.

OREGON.

Portland. — The Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church was dedicated on Sunday, October 15. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Dyott of the First Church. Other participants were Superintendents Paddack of the Home Missionary Society and Smith of the Sunday-school Society; the Rev. David Gray of the City Missionary Society, and the Rev. Drs. Kantner and Bollinger. Twelve hundred dollars were subscribed to pay indebtedness. The Rev. Herbert G. Crocker is the minister in charge. The work is in a rapidly growing region and has much promise of success. The building was constructed at a cost of $10,000, and was so planned as to admit of enlargements as needed.

OREGON CONFERENCE.

We have received from Mr. Himes, our faithful Oregon correspondent, an excellent report of the Conference held in Portland last week. It will be printed next week. When it arrived we already had much more matter in type than could be crowded into The Pacific this week.

WASHINGTON.

Port Angeles.—The interior of the church building has been greatly improved; walls redecorated, woodwork painted, new windows put in. Funds for a new carpet have been raised.

Irondale.—A recognition council was held at Irondale recently. Dr. Vanhorn of Plymouth Church, Seattle, acted as moderator. Among others present and participating were the Rev. Drs. Strong, Green and Scudder of Seattle. The work at Irondale is progressing favorably under the leadership of Rev. G. W. Davis. It is hoped to have the church building completed early next year. To this end a gift of $1,000 and a loan of $1,000 has been promised by the Church Building Society.

Lewiston, Idaho.—At a recent meeting it was voted to proceed to raise $1,000 for the completion of the basement

of the church building and placing it in condition for holding the Sunday-school services there, the auditorium having been found insufficient to accommodate the attendance. The Rev. A. Orth, who took charge of the church in 1910 is doing a very successful work in Lewiston, being widely popular and effective in winning people to the Christian life.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iowerth.

Gipsy Smith has just closed his series of meetings in Spokane. He took the city by storm and the interest increased day by day from beginning to end. He closed with his great and interesting lecture on his own life. Though there was an admission fee of 25 cents and 50 cents, the tent was full and he held the audience spellbound for two hours. His preaching was thoroughly evangelical, giving evidence of study and deep insight into divine truths, often sparkling with wit and sometimes brilliant and eloquent. He is tremendously in earnest, and leaves an impression that he is a miracle of grace. His preaching revived many Christians and led many to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior. The mission of two weeks was not long enough to make as deep an impresison as we would like, and he was conscious of it and promises to come again and stay longer. The work done was marvelous considering the short time. As to practical results it is hard to tell just now, but it is certain that much good has been accomplished, the ministers have been encouraged, many Christians aroused, backsliders brought back to the fold, and sinners converted. The writer remembers D. L. Moody in Spokane twenty-three years ago, and he was not able to make much of an impresison in ten days, though his work was more thorough than any evangelist I have known.

As far as results can be put in print the Gypsy Smith meetings filled the tent nearly every night with from 4,000 to 5,000 people. The people were moved mightily, and many responded to the invitation to live a new life every night. The cards were signed by nearly 700 persons. The collections amounted to $5,500, $3,850 of which went to the Free Church of England and Wales.

Gypsy Smith is a genuine man, affable, approachable, not puffed up, of sweet spirit wholly consecrated to the service of the Master. Though his missions in the cities of the Pacific coast are too short he will be instrumental in doing great work for God and humanity everywhere. His afternoon addresses were marvels of extemporaneous efforts, all his sermons good and some of them masterpieces, and his lecture was equal to anything I have ever heard for genuine pathos, sparkling wit and telling humor, passionate appeals and soul-stirring effect. He gave a splendid address before the Congregational Ministerial Alliance. His sermons were extensively reported in the morning and evening papers. May he continue to be abundantly blessed and to be increasingly a blessing!

The new $20,000 church at Cheney is nearing completion and will be dedicated next month. Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Sprague, has just finished the preaching a series of eight sermons on "The Things to Come."

Rev. R. H. Vrooman has closed his work at Lamont, Wash., and returned to Chicago.

The corner-stone of the new church at Sunnyside, Wash., was laid last week, with Superintendent Scudder and Dr. Samuel Greene participating in the service.

The Home.

THE HUMOROUS STORY IN THE HOME.

Once upon a time a little mouse and a little sausage who loved each other like sisters decided to live together, and they made their arrangements in such a way that every day one would go to walk in the fields, or make purchases in the town, while the other remained at home to keep the house."

Of course it is foolish, and not in any measure true, and very, very whimsical, but the fairy story which is taken from an old edition of Grimm's tales and begins this way, together with other stories of humor, has a place in the child's life.

What is this use of the humorous story? Why, it makes the child laugh, and it makes him happy. Children are such sensitive little plants, tiny creatures of their emotions, quick to smiles and quicker to tears. The ability to laugh, to see the humor of a very ordinary, commonplace situation, is the key to getting along with this sober old world of ours, and the child who acquires early the habit of happiness, goes laughing all the long way of life, lightening other people's sorrows, and carrying his own burdens as if they were only bags of feathers.

If the picture of the mouse and the sausage who lived together so fraternally and so comfortably draws a smile to our lips, how much more will it delight a child who lives in a world of unreality, and likes to people this world with shapes and puppets as strange as these of our story. He knows that the story is not true—not for a moment does he think that such a queer family could exist; but he has a cranny in his mind for just such stories of the imagination. When they are forgotten he will use this same brain cranny in a unique way. His ability to picture such an unusual situation as that of a mouse and a sausage sitting together of an evening in front of their own hearth will help him to image other real situations. He will be able to put himself in his neighbor's place, understand the feelings of the lame, the halt and the unseeing.

Mothers and teachers and writers for children have felt for a very long time that a story has one message—that of instruction. It should have a burden of heroism, of nature facts, of history, or biography. The child should not be told that autumn brings death in its wake; it is only Jack Frost kissing the flowers to sleep. The wind, the grasses, all facts of science, are dressed in so fantastic a story form that the child often receives his facts so disguised that he loses them altogether. This class of story has a place, but there is a new and really vital use for a unique type of story—the funny story, the tale of humor, the nonsense story which educates the child quite as much as the symbolic story. It furnishes relaxation in the sometimes too tense atmosphere of the home and schoolroom. It establishes a happy relation between the child and the story-teller. It puts the little folks in a good frame of mind after a possible period of sulks and frowns. The child laugh that is stimulated by the tonic of a really good humorous story sets the blood to flowing more freely in the veins; it loosens the strained cords of feeling and thought, it forms a sort of electric treatment for overwrought nerves. Beyond its relaxing uses, the nonsense story teaches children the facts and proportions of life. The classic masters have brought this to us in their ar-

tistic use of satire to embellish and illuminate a plot. Where in all literature will we find so pathetic, true to life, and compelling a character as Becky Sharp with her wiles and foibles, her paint, powder, curls and laughter—but, above all, her tragedy, which Thackeray paints with the pigment of humor to bring out wonderfully the high lights.

There is one great danger in the nonsense story for children. It is often crude instead of artistic, suggestive of boorish wit and cheap jokes, and prone to develop inanity in the child rather than wit To this kind of pernicious child humor belong the colored supplements of most of the Sunday newspapers in which trickery is rewarded, the "smart" child is delineated, and all sorts of unkind, practical jokes are suggested.

The demand for the comic supplement to the newspapers has brought about a move, in New York City at least, for their improvement. A recent conference was held at the Ethical Culture School to decide what could be done to educate children by means of the colored Sunday sheet which finds its way into homes where it forms often the only reading matter for the entire family. The heads of the conference included Dr. Maxwell, superintendent of the New York public schools, Dean Balliet of New York University; Percival Chubb, author and critic; Felix Adler; Dr. Jenny Merrill, supervisor of kindergartens; several noted cartoonists, and representatives of The New York Herald, World, Journal and Times. Old editions of comic papers were discussed, having in mind their possible unhealthy effect on the child mind, and hundreds of possible "funny sheets" were passed on. The comic supplement which met with the approval of the conferences as to motive, make-up and educational possibilities for little children is being run now in a big New York paper as a result of this conference, and is a pattern to be followed in the other Sunday comic sections in the future.

In this comic supplement a small boy named Dicky makes the acquaintance of a strange little man named Mr. Tweedeedle, who lives in the trunk of an apple tree and appears suddenly, whenever Dicky needs him, from a tiny round door near the tree roots. Mr. Tweedeedle is a quaint little creature in pointed shoes, red and yellow doublet and yellow cap that is cut in points like a flower's petals. Dicky is a very real boy who sometimes tortures animals and insects, cries if he is hurt, and is thoughtless generally, of the comfort of others. But when ever Dicky steps on a spider, cries because he tumbles down, tries to destroy the patient work of a garden mole or resorts to the hundred and one acts of thoughtless cruelty that all children are prone to take delight in, Mr. Tweedeedle appears and gives small Dicky a summary lesson. Dicky is transformed by Mr. Tweedeedle into a little creature as small as the spider, and is shown how busy and clever an artison the spider is as she spins her cobweb lace. He is shown a grasshopper who is having a broken leg set and does not cry as Dicky did at a very slight bump. He is entertained at supper underground by a mole, but their joyful repast is suddenly disturbed by a shower of dirt and pebbles which falls on their heads, and Dicky learns how much trouble it causes Mr. Mole to have some huge foot set upon his hill roof.

Each Sunday's series of picture stories about Dicky and Mr. Tweedeedle are being as anxiously looked forward to as are the depraving adventures of Panhandle Pete. They have in adition to amusing and instructing its child readers, increased materially the circulation of the newspaper.

There are many good stories of humor which the mother may read or tell to her children, finding in the relaxation of the story entertainment for herself as well as amusement and instruction for the little folks.

For the very little child there are some of the quaint old folk tales full of alliteration, humor and wit. Among these are "The Kid Who Would Not Go," "The House That Jack Built," "The Cat and the Mouse," "The Three Little Pigs," "The Town Musicians," "Why the Sea is Salt," "Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse," "The Pancake," and a score of others. The best collection of these humorous stories is the edition known as "Tales of Laughter," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

A series of little illustrated books by Beatrix Potter tells the humorous adventures of certain of the well-known domestic creatures so dear to child life. Each page has a delightful colored picture with sufficient of the text opposite to explain the picture making the story doubly illuminating to little folks, and the fun includes a veiled moral which the child imbibes unconsciously. These books by Miss Potter include "Peter Rabbit," "The Tale of Benjamin," "The Tailor of Gloucester," "The Story of the Three Bad Mice," "The Tale of Jemima Puddle Duck," and three or four others equally fascinating.

The oldest humorous classics for children are of course "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." No nursery bookshelf should be without them. Long after the child has enjoyed and forgotten, perhaps, their sweet humor, he remembers their delicious satire and inimitable parody on human nature. The wisdom that lies behind the humor of Lewis Carroll helps the child to laugh himself out of some absurd complexity or a situation of overanxiety as he remembers clever little Alice and her philosophy of reasonableness.

Joel Chandler Harris is our American master of humor, and his "Nights with Uncle Remus" should find a place next to Alice on the child's bookshelf. All the adventures of Br'er Rabbit are delightful, but especially is the tale of the "Little Tar Baby" a source of child fun.

In addition to these books of humorous stories there are certain of Grimm's fairy tales, the "Just So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling; "Aaron in the Wild Woods," by Mr. Harris, and the "Donegal Fairy Tales," by Seumas McManus; "Christmas Every Day," by William Dean Howells; "Little Black Sambo," by Helen Bannerman; "The Peterkin Papers," by Hale, and Frank Baum's "Wizard of Oz."

Any or all of these quaintly conceived nonsense books will make the child happy and will be found quite as educational as the more seriously written bits of literature.

—Carolyn Serwin Bailey, in The Continent.

PRIVACY IN THE AMERICAN HOME.

The typical American home has every comfort, every convenience, almost every charm except one. This one thing lacking, according to the English point of view, is privacy.

No visitor from England, especially if she be a housewife, can fail to experience a certain pang of discontent with the old-time English housekeeping when she notes her American cousin living in the midst of such contrivances as almost make it possible to keep house by machinery and the turning of a crank. The first American "pulleyline" which I saw fastened to a New York kitchen window filled me with awe as well as admiration, especially when I found a pretty, young married college graduate standing at the

end of the pulley-line hanging her family wash on it as she stood behind her sweet lace kitchen curtain, where she herself could not be seen from outside, giving a twist to a little hinge and then seeing all those clothes swung out into space to dry in the sun while the charming young washerwoman took off her apron and went with me to a matinee. That experience gave me a feeling of indignation against the London landlord who failed to provide pulley-lines and all the other things which the New York landlord "threw in" with the rent when one hired a flat or a house over there.

Bless me! A goodly number of English landlords have allowed me to suply my own door-knobs and fireplaces, while as for giving me a medicine chest with plate-glass mirror door in the bathroom, a quaint set of stationary wash-tubs, with lids, in the kitchen enclosing hot and cold water taps and all such things,—well, we are all quite aware that such things are never done in England except upon the payment of a weirdly high premium. There is, however, a certain amount of lavishness upon the part of the London landlord when it comes to the matter of doors, —doors which shut one room off entirely from another room and from the passage or landing, thus giving to the occupant of each room a certain amount of privacy and opportunity. The American landlord is correspondingly "stingy" is not the word, either; for I am sure that the prettily ornamented archways, with their carving and fretwork, which lead from one room into another, must cost more than our ordinary English doors on hinges. Sometimes one finds these archways, especially in the modern flats of the large American cities, connecting five rooms, one after the other, and sometimes the effect is as pretty as possible, it gives such an air of space and grandeur.

In an English home occupied by persons of moderate means one is always coming up against a door which seems to warn one off approaching the premises. It is very uncompromising, that English door, and even though your own sister, your own mother, your own wife, or your own husband is on the other side of it, you would not dream of turning the knob without first knocking. The fact is that, the nearer the tie which unites you to the person behind that door, the less likely you are to intrude your presence when you are not sure of a welcome. So you knock, and you wait to hear a voice you love say, "Do come in!" or "No, dear, not now. Don't disturb me. I want to be alone." "What! that formality between husband and wife, mother and daughter, father annd son!" the American woman exclaims, and she puts down the English as being "stiff in home relations." But we know it is not "stiffness" nor even real "formality." It is but delicacy and courtesy.

I cannot fancy a well-bred English child entering a mother's room in the hearty, bouncing, familiar manner of the average American boy and girl, who, having no privacy of their own, have never been taught that other persons want privacy, and know nothing of real significance of the knock and the answering "Come in!" Scores of times I have visited American mothers whose children have bounded, unannounced, into bedroom or dressing-room every afternoon as soon as they returned from school. The mothers took it as a matter of course. So did the children. These same little boys and girls, too, have a way of going to mother's dressing-table drawer when they happen to want a handkerchief or a collar; they pick up her toilet soap and use it; they comb their hair with her comb, brush their clothes with her bonnet-whisk. Their father's toilet accessories they pick up and use with the same lack of respect for individual rights. They are little socialists of the worst kind, living in the belief that all family things are held in common by every member of it.

The member of the American family to whom my thoughts turn in greatest sympathy in regard to the lack of privacy and the denial of an opportunity for the cultivation of individuality is the father,—he who pays for everything, buys the house with his own earnings or hires it, and yet generally has not so much as a corner that is his very own. It is called "his house." It has many rooms. There are the drawing-room, the living-room, the dining-room, the library. There are numerous bedrooms and dressing-rooms; but, if he really desires solitude, there would seem to be nothing for him but to lock himself up in the bathroom. Sometimes you hear the members of an American family speak of "father's den," to be sure. Why, just before I left America a New York friend, when she was showing me through her new house, said to me "This is my husband's den," showing me into the sunniest and brightest room in the house. My eyes rested upon antimacassars and tea-cosies, a copy of "Poems of Passion," an embroidery frame, a train of "choo-choo cars," and a box of such American confections as my soul delights in and which no manly man could possibly be seen eating. I looked about for rows of curious pipes, for a horribly dusty and disordered writing table, a lounging jacket—out at elbows, but, oh! so comfortable after the workaday coat—a copy or two of a sporting paper; but not a sign of such mute witnesses to masculine ownership of that room did I see. "It's the sunniest room in the house," went on that wickedly selfish little American woman, "so the children and I spend a great deal of time here."

In America they know little of the old-fashioned 'mother's room," the room which has mother's individuality so stamped upon it that all through life the children remember it as being a very part of mother. And father's room? As I have said, he has no room, although there be twenty rooms in the house. All day long, at business, he is in the midst of noisy, hurrying people, clerks and stenographers, and at home there is no diminution of the number of persons who may disturb him. Let him try to get off by himself and lock a door,—if he can find a door,—and he will be suspected of having a secret sorrow, or mayhap, a secret sin.

I have a fancy that after a while the American home may develop into one immense room separated into compartments only by screens—there seems to be such an objection to doors! The American architects plan for a few enough doors in all conscience, but even those they do put up are often taken down off the hinges, stored in the cellar, and replaced with draperies. Once, a few years ago, moving into a beautiful New York flat, I found the previous tenants had done this, and, when I asked the janitor to bring the doors from the cellar and re-hang them, he viewed me with suspicion, and asked, "An' so ye be goin' to take boarders, ma'am?" "Boarders!" I exclaimed. "Certainly not!" "Then why do ye want the dors, when draperies is so much more stylish?" he asked.

From the doorlessness of the flat and house of the large American cities is but a step to the fenceless state of the pretty village homes, into whose lawns and gardens stray chickens, cats, and dogs wander and scratch at will. They

make a beautiful sight, these quaintly built houses, one after another, without fence or hedge, the well-kept lawns coming down and joining the pavement along which grow those rows of trees which will ever be the delight of all foreigners who visit the American villages. Truly they are prettier than the hedged-off houses of the English towns, with their garden walls topped with broken bottles to warn away the cats and other marauders. But one wonders how a garden-party could be managed in these very public American village lawns; how a tea-table could be arranged under the trees, and the tea and cakes really be enjoyed with all the rest of the world looking on.

Then the windows with the lights burning! Is there in all America such a ceremony as the "drawing of the blinds," one wonders? There is in England still that antiquated practice of the housemaid going about at twilight holding a lighted taper in one hand as she draws down the blind with the other before she lights the lamps or gas. There is here the horror of having the passing public witness even the "lighting up" of the home. I would certainly do away with the lighted taper habit, it is so apt to set the lace draperies afire; but I hope that the ceremony of the "drawing of the blinds" will last as long as the Englishman's home is his castle. Indeed, it must last just that long.

It all comes back—this lack of privacy in the American home—to a want of doors of one sort or another, doors to shut one's self in and to shut others out, that one may enjoy, at times, the privacy that is the right of every individual soul.—Mary Mortimer Maxwell, in the National Review.

Our Young People

TOO LITTLE AND TOO BIG.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle,
Yes, I did.
"Oh, no my girlie," said she, "you're too little,"
So she did.
But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so"
That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if Im big, why can't I whittle?

School Record.

A SWEET VOICE.

"O, father, I wish I could sing! It is so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club to-day, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could. But there's no use wishing; there isn't any music in me."

"Is that so?" asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. "Well, perhaps you can't sing. But don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music."

"Why, father, how can you say so?"

"Almost every evening," answered the father, "when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh; and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: 'Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you.' Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary: 'I'm sorry your head aches. I'll do the dishes to-night.' That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice."—Herald and Presbyter.

HER MOTHER'S PARTNER.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate, that morning that curiosity prompted us to remark: "You're a busy little girl to-day.'

Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat turned toward us. It was freckled and perspiring, but cheerful withal. "Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"O, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was a well-considered compliment; but the little water carrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time. She hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me are partners."

HIS GREAT TREASURE.

A certain shepherd boy was keeping his sheep in a flowery meadow, and because his heart was happy he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out hunting, spoke to him and said: "Why are you so happy, my boy?"

"Why should I not be happy?" answered the boy. "Our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed!" said the king. "Pray tell me of your great possessions."

The shepherd boy answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too. Am I not, therefore, as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king with a smile; "but your greatest treasure is your contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy."—Exchange.

SOWING SEEDS.

Mabel dropped a few flower seeds into the ground, and little leaves soon began to peep up and grow. They liked the air and sunshine so well that they were big in a month or two. Then came buds and beautiful flowers; and the flowers blossomed all summer long, and the old ladies over the way had a bunch to brighten their room every day

Mabel's mother kept dropping kind work seeds into everybody's heart. Mabel watched these seeds grow. They blossomed into comfort, love, bright faces, smiles, and thanks.

"I'll plant kind word seeds too; see if I don't," said Mabel. "I think the flowers are perfectly lovely."

The Young Evangelist.

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thought
To temper and refine it,
Each plan a higher planner
To consider and define it,
Could we but win that subtle grace,
Discretion pure and real,
Far nobler then would be our lives,
And nearer the ideal.

—A. Judson Sage.

The tallest of tall buildings—the Singer tower, with its height of 612 feet, and the Metropolitan tower, just 700 feet high, are to be eclipsed by the Woolworth Building, now under construction at Broadway and Barclay St., New York, whose final will be 750 feet above the street level. There will be 30 stories in the main building, above which a tower 85 feet square will rise for another 25 stories.—Scientific American.

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